The 'Frisco Debacle.

The Very Rev. Canon Fitzgerald, P.P.

Dublin:
JAMES DUFFY & CO., LTD., WELLINGTON QUAY.

1906.

Robert Canon Fitzgerald, P.P.,
Killee.

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BY

The Very Rev. Robert Canon Fitzgerald, P.P.,
Kilkee, Co. Clare.

Dedicated to

THE IRISH PEOPLE
WHO HAVE SUFFERED IN THE DOWNFALL

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FRONTISPIECE: AUTOGRAPH PHOTO OF AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

THE *raison d'être* of this little volume is the strong bond of sympathy and kinship which connects the Catholic people of the Old Land with the Catholics of "The Queen of the West." We have grown accustomed to talk of and to rely upon the "Greater Ireland of the States," and nowhere has the greater Ireland been stronger, more generous, and more true to the Faith of our fathers than in the fallen city of San Francisco.

To us in Ireland, who have brought our Faith unscathed through the fiery furnace of centuries, that alone would be a passport to the heart; but furthermore, there is hardly a hearthstone throughout Ireland which has not been dear to those people or their fathers who have suffered in the late terrible disaster. Among my own dear people I have found it so, and in many ways have gathered that my experience is not unique.

Therefore, I have hoped that this little *résumé*, made in all love and with profound sympathy, will be of interest to many throughout the length and breadth of the beloved Motherland.

Chapter I.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE CITY.

"What is the city but the people?
— True, the people are the city."
—*Shakespeare.*

The peninsula of which San Francisco is the chief city, was visited by the Spaniards as early as 1534, and by Hermando Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, in 1536.

The original site was a grant of four square miles from the King of Spain, and it was only in 1822 that California, with the rest of Mexico, became independent of the Spanish sovereign. San Francisco occupies the point of a peninsula which has the Pacific Ocean on one side and the Bay of San Francisco on the other. It is this position that has given it its vast commercial importance, and has made it the greatest city of the Pacific Coast and the emporium of California. The land-enclosed Bay of San Francisco is entered by the Golden Gate waterway, one mile wide, with an average depth of 100 feet.

The Bay extends past the city in a southerly direction for forty miles, varying in width from six to twelve miles, and northwards some twenty-five miles, connecting San Francisco by water with numerous other cities of great commercial importance. In 1849 the population was only 2,000, but owing to the discovery of gold it had increased to 20,000 before the close of that year. Following the gold find enormous excitement prevailed. There was a wild inrush of the worshippers of Mammon, and the new El Dorado became the happy hunting ground of all sorts of men actuated by insatiable avarice; peace and good-will were cast to the winds, and a lamentable state of lawlessness was rampant amongst the new-comers, with which the ruling organisation was powerless to cope.

Lynch-law took the place of legal punishment, a mode of administering justice which is common to new settlements where the authority of the Government is not yet established.

In 1851 Vigilance Societies sprang into being for the compulsory improvement of local morals; high-handed proceedings were taken, and crime was punished in a summary manner, the property of the criminal being confiscated or destroyed.

But as time passed, civilisation imprinted its velvet footsteps, and lawlessness and chaos were reduced to peace and order, till the wild gambling spirit of the goldfields, with its consequent thefts and murders, remains to us only reflected in the literature of which Bret Harte is the master-mind.

The original city was built of wood, the houses and stores being brought ready-made from the Atlantic States around Cape Horn, stored on the spot, and set up as required.

But three great fires of another year memorable in the history of San Francisco, 1850, swept the greater portion of this wooden town away.

Then, as now, the sturdy 'Friscan went to work, and raised the Phœnix City from its ashes more beautiful than before; they built it of brick and iron, especially the stores and public buildings, private dwellings being constructed of wood, as before, for climatic reasons.

Later still these pioneer business houses began to disappear; granite, terra-cotta, and marble were introduced, and public edifices were erected which, while they never rivalled in beauty the architectural achievements of Boston, were of an imposing character, costly and immense.

The most noteworthy was the City Hall, which cost over 6,000,000 dollars, and was being built during the long period of twenty-five years, 1875-1900.

There were seven theatres and opera houses, a Sub-Treasury, Mint, Custom House, and Stock Exchange, numerous fine squares, and the now famous Golden Gate Park, the sorrowful garden of the survivors, which covers 1,050 acres along the majestic but treacherous sea.

The churches and chapels numbered about 150, and there was hardly a denomination of the civilised world that was not represented. Amongst the very foremost of these fine temples was the new Catholic Cathedral.

Throughout America, that home of brotherhood and generosity, there was no city in which the charitable institutions were so many and so well supported.

The difficult problem of suitable secular and religious education for the youth of the city and surrounding towns was solved by the maternal "Queen of the West." Her motherly arms encircled no less than 98 great public free schools for the children, capable of qualifying them for admission to the Alma Mater, the State University at Berkeley.

There were also the higher institutions, the

Law, Medicine, and Dental Departments of the University, the Cooper Medical College, the Hahnemann Medical College, the School of Mechanics and Arts, and the Academy of Sciences.

The City Free Library contained 15,000 volumes, besides which there were the Mercantile Library, the Mechanics' Library, the Oddfellows' Library, the Law Library, and the Sutro and Bancroft collections, comprising a vast quantity of rare and valuable books.

The site of San Francisco is peculiarly uneven, two hills within its bounds rising to heights of from 294 to 360 feet. This very defect, with its consequent difficulties of transit, made 'Frisco the pioneer in adopting the cable-road, which entirely superseded the horse-tramways.

The city water supply was drawn from springs, creeks, and reservoirs some twenty miles from the city, and this, with the gas and electric light, were entirely under the control of private corporations.

San Francisco is 2,434 miles west of St. Louis and 3,452 of New York. Lines of steamships ply between the port and Mexico, Central and South America, New Zealand, Japan, and China.

We of this generation were accustomed to think of San Francisco as the city of gold, but its vast wealth was drawn from many sources: wool, wine, fruit, and grain were exported, whaling fleets put out from its port, and returned an annual value in oil and bone of half a million dollars; shipbuilding on a large scale was carried on, and many of the largest war vessels were built within its shadow.

The annual exports of wheat ranged from 750,000 to 1,200,000 tons, the fallen city having been the largest grain port in the States. The vast manufacturing interest was daily growing, and gave constant employment to 30,000 persons, a great proportion of whom was Irish. There were large sugar refineries, rolling-mills, foundries, machine-shops, ship-yards, cordage works, sash and door factories, and type foundries, the annual product of which was estimated at 194,000,000 dollars.

In 1860 the population was 56,802, and in 1900 it was returned as 342,782.

Chapter II.

THE ZENITH OF 'FRISCO.

"O Greatness! thou art but a flattering dream,
A watery bubble lighter than the air."
—*Tracy.*

The name California was given to the Mexican territory by the early Spanish settlers, and was drawn from that of a storied island full of gold and precious stones in Montalvo's "Las Sergas de Esplandian."

The climate is very diverse, the most severe sort being North, where the winters are cold and hard; while the North-West suffers from extreme rainfalls, and the coast line is damp with chill nights even throughout the summer.

On the other hand, South California is known over the world as a summer resort, with semi-tropical temperature, an ideal place of residence for invalids, where the scanty rainfall and often extreme summer heat are the only drawbacks.

Here the winters are mild, and the air as a rule dry. There are practically only two

seasons—a mild and more or less rainy winter, and a dusty, rainless summer.

The annual gold production from 1845 to 1864 was 20,000,000 dollars, but it gradually declined till 1892, when it was only 12,000,000 dollars. Since then, however, it has revived, and averaged 15,000,000 dollars annually till 1901.

Quicksilver, lead, silver ore, borax, rock-salt, marble, asphalt, potash, native soda, sulphur, and kaolin are abundant, besides coal, copper, chromium, antimony, and other metals.

A natural gas suitable for fuel has lately been discovered, and the petroleum product of the State ranks third in the Union.

This vast metallic and mineral wealth is equalled by the range and magnitude of the agricultural resources; wheat, barley, oats, and maize are largely cultivated; root-crops grow in great perfection, except potatoes; and in the interior, rice, cane-sugar and cotton are cultivated with success. The fruit industry is an unlimited source of wealth, and all valuable temperate zone species flourish besides the orange, lemon, fig, olive, almond, pomegranate, and a poor sort of grapes. Until lately the culture of semi-tropical fruits was little fostered, but they have been intro-

duced with great profit and success, and the European grape-vine now supersedes the American variety.

A vast dried and preserved fruit trade is naturally a consequence of this abundance, and is another great source of world-drawn wealth.

Californian raisins are the finest on the market, and the brandy and wine exportation that followed the introduction of a superior quality of grape has now developed into an immense trade.

Moreover, sheep and cattle are extensively bred, the wool forming a valuable asset. Silk is also produced, and the keeping of the honey-bee, so despised an industry with us, is reduced to a science, so that the honey farms of California are the largest and most valuable in the world.

No wonder that the capital city of a State of such unbounded wealth was a city of palaces and multi-millionaires.

Money flowed into San Francisco from all sides, and flowed out of it, as Ireland knows, when needed. Only on the eve of her down-fall she handed the messenger of Erin, Dr. Douglas Hyde, £1,000 "to carry on the grand old fight for Freedom, Faith, and Fatherland."

That, as the world knows, he had the melancholy satisfaction of returning to the generous donors in the sad day of their dire necessity.

I have mentioned the palaces of 'Frisco's millionaires and the splendour of her public buildings, and shall close this chapter on the wealth of the ruined city with some account of these magnificent structures, the proud monuments of generous citizenship and a benignant Government.

The Leland Stanford University at Palo Alto, 33 miles S.E. of San Francisco—a magnificent range of costly buildings standing in beautiful and extensive grounds—was founded by Senator Leland Stanford at a cost of 30,000 dollars, and was totally destroyed by the earthquake.

It provided, entirely gratis, education from the kindergarten stage to the most advanced instruction that teachers could supply, the pupils boarding on the premises at the smallest possible charge.

The Stanford Memorial Church, also at Palo Alto, a fine and artistic model of modern ecclesiastical style, erected at a cost of 600,000 dollars, was also wrecked in the same shock.

'Frisco's oldest relic, the Church of the

Mission Dolores, of very quaint and beautiful architecture, was at first reported destroyed by fire, to the deep grief of sorrowing Catholics, but happily it was discovered to be but slightly damaged, and still stands with its steadfast message of Hope above the chaos of *debris*.

It was, and, thank God, is, the nucleus of the original settlement of Zerba Buena, and was built in 1776 on the site of the foundation established by the first community of the Spanish padres.

Powell Street, in the Nob Hill section, that area of 'Frisco's wealth and elegance, which was literally a district of marble palaces, filled with all the art treasures that lavished gold could store, was reached by the omnivorous flames on the second day of destruction, and reduced to a smouldering mass of ashes.

The great ten-storied building of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, valued at 1,000,000 dollars, together with the fine Mechanics' Pavilion, were the next big victims of the fire fiend; the latter was being used as a morgue when the flames reached it, and mingled in one fearful cremation the dust of the unidentified multitudes.

The famous Cliff House, the great show place and pleasure resort of the city, built on

a solid foundation of rock overhanging the sea, was rent asunder, and swept beneath the waves, not a stone remaining on a stone.

The Great Palace Hotel, one of the largest in the States, the St. Francis Hotel, a splendid structure, and the fine " Chronicle " buildings vanished in the great cataclysm of flame.

On Montgomery Street and Market Street were rows of superb structures, stores, public offices, and institutions that were monuments of Californian wealth; these were shaken to masses of stones in the first great rending of the earth, and unhappily untold lives were lost.

The City Hall, which was practically ruined in the stricken district, was a noble example of the artistic blending of orders; of the rotunda type, with great elaborated domes, and an extent of arched frontage that gave it a superbly imposing appearance.

The Academy of Sciences, the Emporium and the Claus Spreckles Buildings, 'Frisco's loftiest sky-scraper, solid and splendid masses of masonry, were also demolished, except a portion of the last.

In the midst of the fire-swallowed district the United States Mint remained almost unscathed.

It is a massive stone structure of the Doric-

Ionic order, with walls in some places five to eight feet in thickness; the foundations are of concrete, five feet deep, and the materials are brick and blue-grey free-stone from British Columbia. It is approached by a great flight of steps of Californian granite, and a portico supported by six fluted granite columns, all the interior wood-work being of golden mahogany.

This great building successfully withstood the repeated earthquake shocks, and was saved from the flames by the heroism of its employés and the adequacy of the fire defence appliances.

Inside the courtyard is a large artesian well equipped with the latest pumping arrangements; fire hose is stretched throughout the building, and the employés are drilled as a fire brigade each week.

It is one of the largest Mints in the United States, and is kept active all the year round.

The Mutual Savings Bank Building, a great sky-scraper recently erected, was totally devoured by flames. The "Examiner" Building, after braving the earthquake shocks, fell a victcim to the fire. They were in the early Californian style of Spanish architecture, and the red-tiled roof of the latter and lofty pillars were land-marks of the fallen city. The

Crocker Building escaped with some damage of earthquake and flame, and is one of the few survivors that raised their gaunt and discoloured crests above the piles of their fallen fellows.

Weird skeletons gutted by the flames stand out here and there like ghosts of the dead city, and stun the imagination of pilgrims to these colossal ruins.

Grace Church, which was the most fashionable of its kind in the city, and one of the most richly endowed, was amongst the fire-devoured structures, together with the Custom House and very fine Post-office.

The Hall of Justice and the International Hotel, one of the largest in the city, were burned to the ground like tinder, as well as the Union Ferry Building, San Francisco's outlet to the east, and structure after structure, till the fire had satiated its fury and exhaused its strength.

Chapter III.

THE FATAL DAWN.

"Death, desolation, ruin and decay!"

—*Shakespeare.*

Evening closed over the city beautiful on the edge of the glorious Pacific, night crept down from the hills, the stars took up their watch in Heaven, and the gold-dusted water glimmered with their radiance.

Not a whisper anywhere of the wild commotion that raged beneath the tranquil earth, not an echo of the roaring monster that sought an outlet for his pent-up fury. All was peace.

"How calm, how beautiful, comes on
The stilly hour.
And clouds beneath the glancing ray
Melt off and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity.

—*Moore.*

They laid them down to sleep, the children of "The Queen of the West," with pure souls or foul, and they awakened, Where?

It is not for us to say—

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle dew from Heaven
Upon the place beneath."

—*Shakespeare.*

God grant that it so dropped on those who were heavily burdened!

No voice through the long darkness but the customary voices of the night, the dying-out traffic, belated footfalls, baying of awakened dogs—all dwindling at last to silence.

Then a cold, grey dawn spreading upward from the horizon, and isolated sounds of awakening energy; a clear, cloudless sky full of the pure air and bright sunshine of the glorious climate of California—the dawn of Wednesday, April 18th, 1906, breaking over the doomed city with radiant beauty and peace that gave no hint of impending destruction to the hundred thousand people who were sleeping in soft security.

Suddenly in the bowels of the earth a thunderous roaring like the rush of a mighty sea, the earth, whose stability seems a law of nature, rocking and heaving like the deck of a ship on a raging ocean.

The towers and spires of public buildings and the great sky-scrapers, dislocated by the sudden motion, toppled with a crash into the streets, which were instantly crowded with the panic-stricken people. Then followed a scene of terror and shocking mutilation beneath the falling buildings that words are powerless to convey.

Nothing resisted where the shock was severe. The City Hall, whose solid foundation of concrete went deep into the earth, was supposed to be earthquake-proof, but, like the palatial hotels, the University and the Church and College of St. Ignatius, one of the greatest Jesuit institutions in the world, it was shaken down like a house of cards, and lay on the rocking ground an indiscriminate mass of *debris*. Gas and water-piping were shattered, and on every side flames shot through the heap of ruins and caught the city in their fiery embrace.

Men, women and children were crushed beneath the falling masses of masonry. Sights that shock the imagination with horror were seen on all sides—frenzied creatures struggling through the flame-licked windows to certain death on the pavements beneath, or falling with the falling buildings into the crowded streets; mothers calling to their little ones, and losing their lives in the struggle to save them. The fearsome sight of human limbs protruded everywhere from the mass of ruins; mangled creatures called in their agony to be put beyond the sense of pain; myriads were trampled under foot by the wild crowds rushing hither and thither in their frenzied efforts to get clear of the enclosing flames.

Sometimes a great fissure in the street ahead caused the terrified crowd to halt, stunned for a moment, and powerless, while the houses on either side crashed into the cavity, and the demented thousands turned in despair to face the flames.

The first and greatest shock was felt at 5.10 a.m. It rocked the peninsula on which the city was built, and laid the trembling buildings low. It was followed at intervals by several others less severe, and the final one was felt in the evening at seven o'clock.

The City of the Golden Gate, which lay at dawn a thing of peace and beauty above the placid sea, was through that awful day a veritable inferno, where the seismic destruction and slaughter was small compared with the ruin wrought by the flames.

No power on earth could cope with them, not even the magnificence of American energy. Pandemonium reigned; the horrors of the earthquake were forgotten in the great horrors of the pitiless fiend that threatened.

Like a tidal wave of flame the fire swept inward from the water front, driving the populace in terror to safer ground.

Hundreds who escaped the shocks were roasted to death in the flames, people rushed wildly about, apparently without aim, driven

by a mad impulse, sometimes into the very jaws of death.

And that fair city, "The Queen of the West," beautiful in her environment, splendid in her achievement, modern in her architecture, and outstepping all rivals in her rapid success, lay there among the gathering shades of night a desolate city of the dying and dead on whose usurped throne the fire fiend reigned!

Chapter IV.

'FRISCO'S ARABIAN NIGHT.

"Delenda est Carthago."

—*Cato.*

Carthage must be destroyed. That was the ultimatum of the Fiery King. He held his pitiless wand above the city, and the flames at his will made way—creeping on like an insatiable ghoul while there was prey whereon to feed.

Had the city fire stations, which were damaged by the earthquakes and their engines ruined, been intact they would have been powerless to check the phalanx of flame owing to the lack of water. So that the solid body of fire eat up district after district practically unchecked, and threatened the whole city with destruction.

Orders were issued to the soldiers to resort to dynamite, and buildings were blown to atoms in the vain attempt to break the great line of fire.

The sounds of these explosions, mingled with the crashes of the conflagration, roared

through the blinding clouds of smoke, and added to the horror of the already-maddened people.

Heroic firemen stood helpless while fire after fire was started by the ignition of gas from the mains; flames sprang up with awful suddenness, gutted the massive buildings, and then smouldered in the slowly-burning redwood, of which three-quarters of San Francisco is built.

The odour of gas from the broken mains was almost overpowering, and often while the firemen worked on the leakages with bags of sand and bales of cloth, they would burst into flame again, burning the operators, and adding to the work of the ruin.

This had to be combated, till a greater report, louder and duller than the dynamite explosions, burst over the fiery city, and was followed by a mass of flame against the dull, blue smoke; the gas works had blown up, and after that the gas leaks ceased.

A formidable fire broke out near the newspaper offices, but it was only one of many. There were seven great conflagrations, which crept closer together and threatened to unite in one vast fire.

At the Hill districts, where many wealthy people live, the water from the hill reservoirs

and the slow-burning quality of the red-wood saved the locality, while far down in the flats of the Hayes Valley the fire did fearful havoc in the thickly populated working districts, reaching St. Ignatius', the largest Church on the Pacific coast, where block after block gave way, and the whole water-front, except the Southern Pacific Ferry Buildings, was burned to the ground. In China Town, which was stripped of its horrible secrets, and whose underground dens of inhuman vice were laid bare, unspeakable scenes were enacted, men stabbing the tottering, powerless women, and scrambling for freedom at the cost of the lives of all that came in their way. Like a herd of frenzied beasts, they rushed through the blood of their fellows, clasping their *lares et penates*, and calling on their imaginary gods.

From the sea-line the flames spread to the warehouse district, and demolished the stores of the Pacific trade. In like manner the centre of flame at California Street spread, so that when the water department had connected the lower portion of the city with the hill reservoirs the streams of water directed into the burning districts had but slight effect.

In this wise the great business portions were completely consumed, and the fires, spreading in twelve different directions, reached the

residential parts, penetrating into the North Beach sections, and, eating away to the South, covered the shipping area down to the Bay shore, and over the hills, across Third and Townsend Streets, swallowing up all in their path. The poor suffered heavily, for the tenements were devoured, and the casualties were untold.

On the evening of Thursday, 19th April, not a business house remained standing, and the theatres were reduced to a crumbling heap of ruins.

Nob Hill was formerly a fashionable residential district, but while many rich palaces stand on its crest, the centre of the *elite* has shifted to Pacific Heights, overhanging the Golden Gate Park and the sea beyond.

Stanford House, the residence of the late Senator Stanford, and the home of Mr. Mark Hopkins, stood on the brow of the hill. Under the Stanford will the former went to Standford University, and the beautiful house of Mr. Hopkins became an Art Gallery.

In the destruction of the latter the finest collection of pictures and art treasures in Western America was lost to the world of art.

To the close of the second day frequent slight shocks continued, and the trembling

people rushed wildly here and there, thoroughly unstrung and uncertain of the very ground beneath their feet.

All through the night the furnace blazed away, the sky was lurid with flame, and the people looked down from the hills on the vanishing work of their hands.

That Thursday night was a scene of horror for the refugees; without food or water, trembling with terror and privation, they watched the relentless flames creeping steadily towards the Golden Gate Park.

On the 20th a new and terrible disaster threatened the wretched inhabitants, but happily this did not develop. Mount Capulin, a volcano supposed to be extinct, was noticed to be smoking through a fissure created by the earthquake in its side. This alarm caused increased anxiety, but luckily the crater did not become active, and later the strange appearance of smoke was explained by scientists as either a steam from moisture drawn out by the sun's heat, or a symptom not unknown in volcanic districts after earthquake shocks.

Towards evening on Friday, April 20th, the fire in the devastated city had burned itself out, and only a fourth of San Francisco remained.

Extraordinary order prevailed among the affrighted populace. The citizens aided the firemen, military and police in battling with the flames, rescuing the wounded, and burying the dead.

The banks struggled to avert a financial panic, and the soldiers gave heartless looters the shortest of shrift. There was no parley with them; they were shot at sight. General Funston, whose name will be remembered while the tale of the 'Frisco Debacle remains on the pages of American history, proved in his conduct of affairs throughout the terrible ordeal that he was a man worthy of the responsibility that Fate had sprung upon him, and a man who would not be trifled with, and by whom the peace of the afflicted would be purchased even at the cost of cowards' lives.

Foul deeds were done with which it is not well to soil these pages, but the case of the Chicago lady, Miss Logan, may be mentioned, who, while lying stunned in the lobby of the St. Francis Hotel, had two of her fingers cut off by a thief for the sake of the rings she wore. Such things and worse happen everywhere when sudden disaster annihilates the gentleness of mankind, and lets loose its grosser instincts.

Food was now at famine prices, water was

exhausted, so that yet another form of torture stared the wretched people in the face.

But the New World rose to the occasion, and poured her overflowing wealth of gold and food into the lap of suffering 'Frisco, as she had often poured it on the famine-stricken shores of Ireland.

President Roosevelt, one of the world's mightiest men of business, was equal to the need. Red-tapeism was brushed aside, and the multitude was fed, after a short space only of privation, by the paternal hand of a ready and benignant Government.

Fearing the danger of pestilence, hundreds of festering bodies were thrown into the sea, and others were cremated beneath the ruins, the number of which will probably never be known.

When the night of Friday, the 20th, closed over San Francisco the great mass of flame had ceased, but the curtain of smoke hung low, and here and there the smouldering piles burst out again into flame, which the firemen fought afresh.

In the portion of the city that had cooled down shelter camps were erected for the aged and destitute, but the majority of the refugees preferred to sleep in the Alameda, Berkeley, and Golden Gate Parks, where 300,000 camped through the fearful nights of horror.

On the evening of the 20th April the dead was estimated at 5,000, but the figure was far too high, and was later acknowledged to be so, the general opinion being that the total deaths from shock and fire did not exceed 1,000. The money losses involved in the catastrophe are computed to be fully £1,000,000, and the insurance claims stand at about £30,000,000.

Chapter V.

HEROISM AND SACRIFICE.

"We have no heroes here, we are too busy."
—*America.*

That was 'Frisco's signal, and deserves as great a fame as Nelson's. It should be written high above the Golden Gate, and round the crown of "The Queen of the West."

No sooner were the tidings of the colossal downfall flashed from end to end of the earth than sympathy and relief poured in from all sides, and owing to the suddenness and completeness of the disaster the distress of the survivors would have been great but for the prompt and adequate action of the President and Congress in flooding the suffering city with gold and food, and saving the survivors from further hardship.

The Army stores were distributed, millionaires were munificent, every theatre and circus in the States organised benefits, and everybody throughout the land raised funds.

The great American nation broke even its own record for generosity, and the civilised

world cabled its sympathy and substantial help.

But America, alone in her magnificence, was also alone in her independence. With gratitude she accepted the sympathy, but she could not accept the aid.

The Golden Gate Park, that Elysium of leisure and luxury, became the Gethsemane of the agonised. Huddled together, a panic-stricken mass of nearly half a million looked down from the hills on a scene only paralleled by the ruin of Sodom and Gomorrah.

The dreaded nights brought added terrors to the nerve-shattered people, who, unable to rest and overcome with awful recollections, awaited the lingering dawn and the sunrise to scatter the overhanging clouds of smoke.

When on the fifth day heavy rains set in willing hands went to work to shelter the women and children, a difficult task, with which the authorities could not have coped but for the exodus from the city of about one-half of the refugees, who were freely transferred during the previous days to all parts of the States where they had friends or facilities for re-establishing themselves.

Cheerful women, irrespective of class, went about preparing meals and mothering the motherless.

The priests, doctors, and nurses went and came from the smouldering city, risking their lives for others, and always returning with masses of disfigured humanity. One little fellow named Denny Hogan was found among the ruins with a baby borne on his sturdy bosom, to which he sang as he stumbled over the hot *debris*, his poor little hand all the time hanging broken and crushed by his side.

He told the surgeon that when their house shook with the earthquake his mother called out to him—"You take good care of the baby, Denis," and he added to the doctor—"I ain't going to let any of you scare her either." The little fellow's mother was sleeping somewhere yonder beneath the piles of ashes.

When the water pipes burst, the tenements were flooded and the rescuing parties almost overcome. People were scalded alive in the boiling pools, and one poor woman, holding up her child, cried out to the rescuers—"Save, oh! save my baby;" but, alas, before the men could reach her the water closed over the mother and the child. While the dying were being carried from the burning and collapsing houses the priests adminstered the last rites of the Catholic Church.

Fathers Hogan, Rogers, and Huber were

tireless throughout those awful days and nights. They quieted and reassured the panic-stricken people, sending the wounded to safety and consoling the dying. Many who watched them in search of the members of their flocks, dashing into the very jaws of death, were astonished to find them later in other districts seeking still in the very teeth of Fate.

But in that lost city, where they were too busy to be heroes, even the infamous were awakened to noble deeds. One notorious jail bird, whose prison doors the earthquake, mocking the restrictions of man, had burst asunder, did magnificent work in rescuing the wounded all day long.

And it is sad to relate that being found prowling close to the Mint in the gathering shades of night, the unfortunate creature was shot without parley by the soldiers.

In the great hotels many men and women distinguished themselves by their coolness and courage when the awful crash came; and except in the Chinese Hill, where infuriated creatures rushed about with knives, stabbing all who impeded their aimless course, there was no barbarity.

On the afternoon of Thursday, the 20th April, a shocking event occurred in the

doomed city when the Mechanics' Pavilion, in which all the injured were being treated, and to which the dead were carried for identification, was caught in the flames.

Suddenly the police rushed into the building, and shouted—"Carry them all out; the fire will be here in ten minutes." Hardly had the words been said when a crackling was heard, and the roof was seen to be on fire. But the brave physicians never deserted their posts. They rushed with the wounded to safety; but before the work was half through the burning roof gave way, and another hectacomb of victims was sacrificed to the raging fury, and men shuddered and gave way to tears as the cries of the wounded rang in their ears.

At Oaklands the refuge camp was as large as a military encampment under canvas; the tents were filled with women and children and the tireless nurses that attended the sick; but the able-bodied men had returned across the Bay to 'Frisco, with set determination to carve out a new and greater future.

Nothing could surpass the behaviour of the people; it was absolutely heroic. When the weak had fled from the city all became serene; and, backed by the world's sympathy and admiration, the strong went forth with a brave

front, and gave what aid to the authorities was in their power—dug graves for the dead, carried the food to the hungry, searched for missing loved ones, and went with the festering bodies out to sea.

What may not be hoped of the future San Francisco that is born of such stuff as that?

Was there an Irish heart that did not thrill at the record of Old Land names in the long list of the brave and self-sacrificing, from O'Sullivan, the hero Fire Chief, to the boy, Denny Hogan, with the baby supported in his crushed arms?

And now a fearsome loneliness hung over the ruined city—it lay there in ashes at the builders' feet. They looked down from the rain-swept hills, and the pride of their lives was gone; a more terrible calamity had overtaken them than the mighty fire of Chicago in 1871.

For the loss was not then one-twentieth of that caused by the Californian disaster, nor the number of the homeless half so great.

The relief fund raised for Chicago reached the sum of 5,000,000 dollars, which, with careful administration, tided over the incredibly short interval between the ruin and the resurrection of the city.

Chapter VI.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN 'FRISCO.

"Quit thy state,
All equal are within the Church's gate.
—*Herbert.*

I propose in this chapter to deal with the Catholic strength of 'Frisco, the beloved Church there, and the Irish and Spanish elements that formed the nucleus in time past of that far stronghold of the Faith of the Eternal City.

It must be borne in mind that, having crossed the snow-capped Sierra Nevada mountains, we leave behind what may be called the typical bouncing American, and find in totally different climatic surroundings the calm, go-ahead Franciscan, in whose blood, which is largely Irish, there is less mingling of nationalities and consequent effervescing of individualities.

Here we find the Catholic Faith planted in California by the Spanish Padres, the chief among the religions of the Pacific coast.

The first Bishop of San Francisco in 1840 was Francisco Gracia Diego y Moreno, a native of Mexico and a celebrated theologian.

On the erection of San Francisco into an Archdiocese in 1853 Joseph Sadoc Alemany, a Spaniard, was elected to the See, a distinguished man, for whose history I am indebted to my learned friend, Dr. Harty, of Maynooth. Dr. Alemany preceded Dr. Riordan in the Archbishopric, and his life-work linked together and harmonised the old régime and the new, and though a Spaniard it is worthy of note that throughout his arduous life-work he always depended on the Irish Seminaries of his diocese for the majority of his picked priests. He was born in Spain in 1814, joined the Dominicans at an early age, and having been ordained priest in 1837 volunteered for the North American Missions. Soon his unusual qualities became known, and in 1847 he was appointed Provincial of the Dominicans in Ohio. In 1850 he was raised to the Bishopric of Monterey and consecrated in the Church of S. Carlo at Rome. He brought with him to his new diocese two members of the Dominican Order, and established a flourishing house there.

The sole aim of his life was to spread the light of Faith on the Pacific coast; to this end he introduced the Orders and the nuns from the Old World, whose devotion to the afflicted in the recent distress has been so much

before the world. Since those early days the Catholic population has swelled from 15,000 to 250,000 to-day, and Irish Catholic progress is marked by the monumental structures that generous hearts and loving hands have raised to the glory of God.

As Archbishop of San Francisco, he marked an era in concentration of Catholic strength; the Catholic youth of both sexes were instructed in the schools of the Orders, and went out to the struggle of life with the guiding star of Faith to lead them kindly light. Among the builders of that great fallen city, as well as the healers of souls, the names of the following remarkable Irish priests must ever remain prominent:—Fathers Prendergast, Quinn, Brennan, Dalton, Cotter, Harrington, Gleeson, Gibney, O'Connor, King, Scanlan, Mulligan, Duffy, Martin, M'Carthy, Lagan, Most Rev. Dr. Eugene O'Connell, Most Rev. Dr. Manogue, and the celebrated Father Yorke, to whom Dr. Douglas Hyde attributes the great and generous success of his Gaelic mission on the Pacific Coast.

But in that new stronghold there is rivalry in zeal for God's house, and an account of the Catholic influences at work would be incomplete if it did not recognise the part of the nuns in spreading the light of Faith and

fitting the girls of all spheres for their parts of the universal burden.

The Sisters of Mercy, of Charity, and the Presentation Nuns, have laboured in the dust-cloud of ignorance and brought comfort and enlightenment to thousands. If one may select one name from the many which have become justly celebrated among those holy women, let it be that of Mother Baptist Russell of the Sisters of Mercy, sister to the late good and great Lord Russell of Killowen and the distinguished Jesuit, Rev. Matthew Russell.

The work of the cloisters is quiet, almost silent work, but it is the under-current that influences and directs the movements of the surface stream. Point out the spot on earth devoid of that under-current of cloister influence, and you have pointed out a plague-spot of natural criminals.

The Jesuits alone had settled at Santa Clara long before the diocese of San Francisco was established and the advent of the Dominicans, and their college there is still the great Jesuit College of the West.

In 1871 there were 160,000 Catholics in California, 3 bishoprics, 170 priests, 165 churches, 18 convents and academies, 5 colleges, 4 hospitals, and 7 orphanages.

Now there are 250,000 Catholics in the diocese of San Franciso alone.

Dr. Riordan became coadjutor to Dr. Alemany *cum jure successionis* in 1882, and in 1884 succeeded him as Archbishop.

This distinguished man, whose name the sorrows of San Francisco have made familiar, was born in America of Irish parents, but educated in Ireland in his early youth.

Hardly an Irish letter came to friends at home from the scene of horror without mention of the courageous and beloved Archbishop.

In that dark day, when the hand of God was heavy on the shepherd and the flock and the blossoms of years lay withered at his feet, he upheld his people with hope, and went amongst them with his priests, providing what comfort he could, and generous to all irrespective of creed.

Only a few days before he had banqueted Dr. Douglas Hyde, and handed him his contribution of 250 dollars for the National awakening in Ireland.

It soon became known to the world that the Catholic Church had sustained the heaviest loss of any denomination in the city; in all 17 fine Catholic edifices were destroyed.

Immediately followed the inspiring announcement from the dauntless Prelate that plans

were being matured for the rebuilding of all churches, and that the Catholics of San Francisco had determined to raise nobler temples of worship than before.

In the meantime altars were set up in the Golden Gate Park and elsewhere, and the faithful gathered under difficulties and worshipped like the Irish Catholics in the penal days of yore.

How they must have felt in that derelict city the force of the awful text, "In the midst of life we are in death."

At the census of 1900, which returned the population of San Francisco as 342,782, the number of persons who were born in Ireland was 15,963, which figure did not, of course, include American-born children of Irish parents, but only the actual emigrants.

This large Irish element accounts for the long list of Irish names in the foremost ranks of the Church, the professions and of trade, and the distinctly Irish characteristics and sympathies of the priests and people of "The Queen of the West."

Chapter VII.

EARTHQUAKES.

"The swallowing gulf
Of dark oblivion and deep despair."
—*Shakespeare.*

Earthquakes are sometimes so slight as to pass unnoticed and be recorded only by the needle of the seismometer, a delicate instrument used for the purpose; while at other times they cause enormous destruction over wide areas, and even permanently change the face of the globe, producing great hills and fissures, and elevating or lowering tracts of country two to four feet above or below their former level.

Such was the case along the coast of Chili in 1750, which was raised four feet above its old height, while the coast lands of Chittagong were submerged, and remained so, by the Bengal earthquake of 1762.

From the experiences recorded of notable earthquakes, seismologists describe the phenomena as first a trembling, next a severe shock and several in rapid succession, and

then a trembling that grows gradually insensible.

The shock lasts only a few seconds, but the trembling may continue for weeks, and even months.

The noises that usually accompany an earthquake have been likened to thunder, distant howling and the rumbling of ammunition waggons, and are conducted through the ground for great distances and audible in regions remote from the disturbance.

But they are not necessarily attended by subterranean noises, and this is particularly the case in the destructive South American earthquakes, such as that of Riobamba in Equador in 1797, when a complete silence reigned.

The shocks are either vertical, horizontal, or undulatory movements; in 1837 at San Carlos in Chili a flagstaff, sunk 30 feet into the earth, was violently shot into the air, leaving a round hole in the ground.

At Riobamba scores of the inhabitants were projected across the river and fell on a hill over 300 feet in height, while the wave-like motion was illustrated in the Calabrian earthquake of 1738, and that of New Madrid in 1812, where trees bent earthward till their branches touched the ground, and recovering

their normal position again, bent in like manner to the opposite side.

These undulations from the centre of disturbance would be propagated to an immense distance were it not for the differences in the earth's crust, the layers of discordant rock and irregularities that interrupt the transmission; thus in the South American earthquakes the vibrations are imprisoned in the long narrow strip between the Andes and the sea.

The depth at which earthquakes originate is a difficult point for physicists. Mullet, the well known seismologist, proved by a series of experiments that the centrum of the Neapolitan earthquake of 1857 was probably 5½ miles below the surface; and they generally agree that the limit of depth does not exceed 30 geographical miles. The area disturbed is generally in proportion to the intensity of the shock. In the earthquake of Lisbon on the 1st of November, 1755, which left the city in ruins and destroyed 35,000 lives, the area disturbed was four times the size of Europe, and the trembling was felt from Madeira to Britain.

Earthquakes are of most common occurrence in volcanic and mountainous regions, and the most earthquake-shaken part of the globe, the

"Belt of Fire," which circles round the shore of the Pacific ocean.

The cause of these disastrous disturbances is a matter of conjecture; some are attributed to the collapse of under-ground cavities, but most to the entrance of water through deep fissures to the underlying heated rocks and the consequent explosions of the steam.

Earthquakes are generally considered by physicists to be but "uncompleted efforts to establish a volcano."

After the Lisbon disaster, the most memorable are that which destroyed Aleppo in 1822, that at Manilla in 1863 and 1880, Valparaiso 1880, Cuenta in Columbia 1875, Colchester, England, 1884, Charleston 1886, and Japan 1891.

In the last-named country and South America buildings are specially erected to stand the frequent shocks, and it is calculated that from twenty to fifty take place daily on the earth's surface. Professor Milne's "Earthquakes" assures us that there is at least one earthquake daily in Japan. But of this great number of world earthquakes the majority are submarine ones, which generate a "great sea wave," whose approach to some unlucky shore is heralded by the drawing back of the sea from forty feet to several miles in

some cases. The waves may be twenty to eighty feet higher than the highest tides, and are very disastrous to life and property on the coast of South America.

Professor Matteucci, of the Royal Observatory on Mount Vesuvius, pointed out that the recent eruption there, and the San Francisco destruction, confirmed the belief amongst scientists that volcanoes and earthquakes are diverse effects of one cause; and the recent paper by Professor A. W. Conway expressed the same opinion: "A possible connection between the recent disturbances at San Francisco and Vesuvius."

For this reason it may not be out of place to say a few words about volcanoes.

They are conical hills communicating with the interior of the earth through long funnels which have been originally forced by the great imprisoned powers, and are found to be grouped upon parts of the globe that are supposed to be "Belts of Fracture."

Submarine volcanoes are quite as common as submarine earthquakes, and the great cones of Etna and Vesuvius were originally eruptions on the bed of the sea. Some miles north of Unalashka in the Pacific a column of vapour was noticed in 1796, and continued till the ejected lava was piled above the waves

and formed an island that continued to grow, until to-day it is three miles in circumference.

Just as these new islands are formed by volcanic action beneath the waves, old ones are very often overwhelmed by submarine earthquakes.

The cones of Etna, Vesuvius and other active volcanoes constantly undergo modification through the falling in of the sides with the force of eruptions; in the action of 1822 the summit of Vesuvius was reduced 800 feet. After prodigious action some craters become extinct, or seemingly so, and from the basins lakes spring up, whose waters are sometimes impregnated with minerals and of high medicinal value. Active volcanoes are limited to certain well-defined regions, and the Pacific Ocean is bounded by an almost unbroken "belt of fire," while the coast-lines of the Atlantic are practically free of them.

Sir H. Davey suggested as their cause, that if immense masses of the metallic bases of the earths and alkalies were present in the earth's interior the oxidations from contact with air or water might produce the volcanic action.

Most scientists hold that the general cause is the introduction through fissures to the interior of water from the earth's surface.

Chapter VIII.

GRIM HUMOUR.

"Serene, indifferent to fate
Thou sittest at the Golden Gate.'

—*Bret Harte.*

As American courage and coolness is ever foremost in the face of disaster, so American buoyancy and humour press up in the rear to the rescue.

As the shades of evening closed over the second day of the homeless in the Golden Gate Park, and the gloom of night crept on, reinforced by the smoke from the smouldering city, a fantastically attired group from one of the prosperous quarters were discussing the chances of food on the verge of a lake; suddenly the face of one of them—in pink pyjamas, with what seemed to be a blue opera cloak on his shoulders—lit up with a dawning inspiration, and he set off at full speed in pursuit of a duck that sailed along the border of the lake in exquisite oblivion of the vast Debacle. In a moment the whole group, strongly reinforced, were beating the shrub-

beries round the brink, and the affrighted water-fowl were flying into the centre of the lake, only to be followed by the more enterprising among the men and boys and brought back in triumph to little groups of hungry comrades, to have their necks twisted and be cooked over bundles of gathered twigs.

And the first laughter above the fallen city was heard around those sad camp-fires.

Next day a jaunty-looking chap, in a padded dressing-gown and slippers, met a friend at the Park gate with :—" Hello, Jack, I understand from the newspapers there has been a fire ? " " So ; just take a peep across the bay, awfully clever ruins."

People actually played ping-pong and rackets, as if there was no further use for seriousness ; one gentleman records that on rushing from his hotel the first human being he distinguished was a man in pyjamas with a tennis racket, and not far behind him a dazed old lady clinging to a ping-pong set.

But the pathetic outweighed the humorous side in the case of the people who, in their agony, returned to the smoking city in search of lost relations.

They were requisitioned at the point of the " bayonet " to clear the way for traffic and to dig trenches to hold the dead.

A big, freckled-face Irishman shouldered his weapon at the corner of Montgomery Street and waylaid the grief-stricken seekers, one of whom made an urgent appeal: "Do you not see that I am a minister of the Gospel come from afar off to administer consolation to the dying?"

"What denominashun?"

"I am a Pastor of the Baptist Church."

"That's all right," thundered the relentless Patrick, "you get to work an' throw bricks."

This work of clearing the debris-strewn streets and unloading the food supplies at the point of the bayonet, much as the slaves of America were forced to work not so very long ago at the end of the whip, was a trying ordeal for hands unused to labour and frames enfeebled by fright and famine.

The Conried Opera Co. of New York lost 150,000 dollars' worth of scenery and costume in the fire at the Grand Opera House, and many members of the company had laughable as well as fearful experiences.

Ten minutes after the earthquake the famous Signor Corusa was seen sitting on his valise in the middle of the road, surrounded by the uniquely costumed members of his troupe.

At the earliest opportunity he left for Naples, giving it as his opinion to an interviewer that

"America is far too dangerous." Until the food supplies arrived famine prices continued to rise for such provisions as were to hand, and traders who sought to take advantage of the distress and charge exorbitant prices were shot by the soldiers without parley. Eggs were two dollars a-piece, two-pound loaves four dollars, bunches of cherries two dollars, and tinned goods from six to eight dollars a pound; happily the Chicago potted atrocities had not been exposed, or the latter, even in a starving city, would not be bought at any price.

Some of the little ones whose eyes opened on the world in the midst of this dismay will rejoice (?) in rather unique names—Earthquake, Homeless, Penniless, and Ashes being prime favourites.

Along the ruined streets rough signs were hung to cheer the weary pilgrim, bearing such legends as "Cheer up, old chap, never say die!" "Clench your fists," to which a mischievous street arab had added, "on nothing;" at the entrance to the Golden Gate Park one sanguine sign read, "Don't worry; cherries will soon be ripe."

The newsboys from Oaklands reaped a fat harvest, making as much as 150 dollars a day on their papers, which were passed from hand

to hand till they were obliterated beyond a chance of deciphering, when they were used as precious scraps for "letters home," and will, no doubt, be cherished as valuable mementoes of the Downfall. The following advertisement, which appeared in the "San Francisco Examiner" while the city was burning, is a proof that American enterprise is neither to be checked by fire nor sword:—"A new earthquake-proof cottage, 235 dollars cash, and 25 dollars monthly, 5 rooms, centrally located, grab it quick; Belden and Percival, Oaklands." Millionaires of a few days before, thrown on the world shorn of cash, only counted as ordinary individuals, and were requested to dig trenches, throw bricks, and unload food. Mr. Singleton, a Los Angeles millionaire, records his miraculous escape with his wife and sister-in-law from a falling hotel, and his hardships and difficulty in obtaining food until he met a friend who knew him. Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and her sister, Mrs. Vanderbilt, were in the same plight, having lost millions in the disaster. This gentleman on being asked to join the subscription list answered simply: "I cannot do it, I am ruined."

The ladies were the daughters of a Dublin

man, the late Senator James G. Fair, the well-known Silver King.

Sic transit omnis gloria. Rich and poor herded together in the Gethsemane of San Francisco; class distinction was wiped out, and all were sisters and brothers in one universal sorrow.

Chapter IX.

FINANCIAL LOSSES.

"Fortune that with malicious joy
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Still various, and unconstant still
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life."

—*Dryden* (from *Horace*).

San Francisco lay a scorched and crookened mass of ruins, and wide as the world was the ruin her destruction had wrought.

The rough estimate of the amount of the pecuniary losses caused by the catastrophe was £100,000,000. The British Insurance risks were £40,700,000, while the American Insurance Companies had to meet £30,000,000.

In these cases question arose as to whether damage to property was the result of the earthquake and explosions, or caused by the subsequent fires.

In numerous cases the giant companies undertook to make good all claims without

delay, dollar for dollar, whether arising from earthquake or fire. The British Companies had such ample reserves that any of them could pay half a million or more in hard cash at 24 hours' notice, and the notable fact was recalled that after the great fire of Chicago in 1870, the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company, without waiting for claims to be sent in, despatched Mr. Morris Davies with a credit of £1,000,000 and instructions to settle all claims with the least possible inquiry.

There was a passing panic in Wall Street and the London Stock Markets; insurance stocks fell rapidly and became unsaleable; Consols dropped, and a great depression was evident.

But this state of things was short-lived, for the stability of the great companies was manifest, and before a week was out public confidence was restored.

It must be said that however keen and sharp the business principles of these vast firms, American and British, may be, there was evident on all sides a most laudable disposition to raise no technicalities, and wherever there was the slightest question, to give the benefit of the doubt to the policy-holders.

Such generosity deserves to be recorded in

the sharp competitive commercial struggle of to-day.

> "The secret pleasure of a generous act
> Is the great mind's great bribe."
>
> —*Dryden.*

New York merchants, especially textile and machinery dealers, lost heavily, much more so than Chicago business firms.

For San Francisco brought vast quantities of stuff from New York, and was the chief distributing point for the entire State of California, as well as for a large part of the Pacific coast and also for Alaska.

So that many New Yorkers were as deep in the ruin as if they had lived in the doomed city.

Outside this estimate, insurance and otherwise, was the serious damage done to surrounding towns — Oaklands, Berkeley, Alameda, and other Californian centres of trade.

A fact worthy of notice was dwelt upon by Mr. Dawson at the discussion of a "Model Insurance Regulation Act of Columbia."

He said that the Great Chicago fire put all the American companies out of the business, while not one British company failed, though they had paid every loss since then.

The American companies which could not

touch their 50 per cent. reserve went into the hands of the receivers, but the British companies, using their reserve down to 30 per cent., lived through the strain. The confidence thus won by them in 1870 no doubt accounts for what puzzled the public at the recent destruction, viz., the fact that the larger part of the insurance of San Francisco was entrusted to British companies.

Many San Francisco millionaires were utterly ruined, and thousands of wealthy people from the City of the Golden Gate who resided in Europe and drew their princely incomes from money invested for the most part in business properties and improved real estate.

In this way one of the heaviest losers in Ireland was the popular Master of the Tipperary Hounds, Mr. Richard Burke, of Grove, near Fethard, whose late wife, Miss O'Donoghue, was a Californian heiress.

Those who have enjoyed the splendid sport and lavish hospitality of Grove will feel for him the sympathy that is his due, and cling to the hope that he may still be able to retain his distinguished place in the county, as he ever must in the hearts of the people for whom he has done so much.

It will be far in the future before that all-embracing disaster is blotted from the memory of men, and far in the future before the financial breach is spanned.

Chapter X.

THE PHŒNIX CITY.

"San Francisco will rise from its ashes greater than ever."

Such was the prophecy of Colonel Dudley Evans, after the flames had gnawed the heart out of the great city: brave words amid that scene of ashes and death.

But they are being made good, and many think that within a lustrum the prediction of another sturdy American, Mr. Crocker, the millionaire banker, will be fulfilled. "Within five years," he said, "you will see a finer San Francisco, and safer than ever; it will be the most beautiful city of the world."

And thus they went to work.

Before the ruined mass of the old city was cool, the funds were guaranteed by wealthy San Franciscans and other spirited Americans for the new. The first colossal work was to restore the waterworks, and until they were in working order the use of petroleum or indoor fires was prohibited. Armies of architects and builders gave their services gratis; crowds of

property-owners walked the *debris* strewn sites of their stores and residences, and far from being overwhelmed by the seeming hopelessness of effort, avowed their determination to "go to work right away and rebuild."

While the middle of the city was still hot and smouldering, new wharves were mapped out on the water front, and depots planned on entirely new lines, calculated to cost about 25,000,000 dollars. The herculean labour was begun on the water edge, the army of workers toiling inward, and a great belt of space was mentally pegged out for a large boulevard, terraces and parks.

Within a month of the Downfall many of the large factories left unharmed started work, and the Union Iron Works was the first to have its full complement of men, 4,000, at the wheel again.

Much damage was done to the warships being built at these works for the Government. The fine cruisers, the "California" and "Milwaukee," and the battleship "South Dakota," were badly battered. The steamer "City of Puebla," which was sunk in the bay by the earthquake, was raised and put under repair.

Bands of workmen were also engaged on the "Columbia," which had been turned

completely over on her side. A vast amount of energy was awakened throughout America, and the call was sounded by that omnipotent herald, "The Press."

"New San Francisco will lead among American cities: it will be the world's wonder, a city of steel built instantly, a city with none of the defects of age or slow growth."

"All energy will centre there; all enterprise will centre there; the best mechanics, the greatest architects and contractors, will all prove their skill in the overnight erection of a new and glorious west door to our nation."

"Richly, many times over, she will repay the good deeds done now; activity, prosperity, new life throughout the nation will come of the calamity." So on and so on.

All this speaks well for an energy rare in the world's records, for a courage no ruin of hope could daunt, and a resource capable of achieving all but impossibilities.

But it is the sunny side, the sanguine look, the optimistic stand-point; and it is with sorrow one must record what is the opinion of a learned professor and distinguished litterateur from the fallen city, and that of other wise and experienced men.

"That is all right," he said, "it shows our spirit and pluck; but, believe me, it will take

fifty years to make of San Francisco what it was."

How mighty are the thunderbolts of God, and how frail are the works of men!

The insurance companies, the world is glad to know, are doing their part to bring about this speedy restoration. We see by the public prints "that thirty-five insurance companies of the 120 involved in the San Francisco disaster have paid an aggregate of 55 million dollars in claims. The Royal Insurance Company is credited with 3,804,000 dollars, and the Liverpol and London and Globe Company with 3,721,000 dollars."

> "You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
> But the scent of the roses hangs round it still."

The restoration or rebuilding of the city is a great work. Whether it shall be effected in five or fifty years is of small significance, as compared to the spiritual edifice of the souls of the inhabitants. "The people is the city." The immortal soul is pre-eminently above the perishable body. The dreadful crash of earthquake, the inrush of water from the ocean mingling with the escaped fires, electricity, and gas, will be, if the San Franciscans are wise in their time, a wholesome subject of meditation to keep their thoughts and hearts

(amidst the din of future commerce and the entanglement of worldly pursuits) fixed on a wealthier and happier land—their true country beyond the clouds to which all should aspire—where God himself is Ruler, and Mary Mother and Queen of many subjects, angels' voices its music, and happy blessed souls its peace. Let them look up to it, therefore, for it is the home of the blessed, the shelter to which, when released from this world's struggle of toil and wealth and woe, they may all aspire, and in the bosom of Him for whom they have been suffering child-like, loving members of Church and creed and country, they can hope for a happier home within the Golden Portals of Heaven (reminded of it by their own Golden Gate), where, I hope and pray, they may possess God in the fullness of His love and the plenty of His plentiful house. "I am thy joy exceeding great." "And I saw a new heaven, and a new earth. For the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; that is, being changed, not as to their substance, but in their qualities. And I saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice from the throne, saying: Behold the tabernacle of God with men; and he shall dwell with them.

And they shall be his people: and God himself with them shall be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away. And He that sat on the throne, said: Behold, I make all things new." *St. John, Apocal. c. xxi.* And so, hereafter the happiness and pleasure of dwelling in the new Jerusalem of their loved and beautiful and rebuilt city, through whose Golden Gates the reflected radiance of the sun's resplendent rays may ever shine, and may their souls dwell for ever in the heavenly Jerusalem, in peace and tranquil calm, in blessedness and rest.

Per sæcula sæculorum. Actum est.

August, 1906.

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